Alabama college

The TOWER

Literary Magazine of Alabama College

LIBRARY
ALABAMA COLLEGE

(Pam)
Ala
808
A

Volume 3
Number 1
April, 1934

A12
808
A

Dedication

Because she has taught us patiently, guided us truly, inspired us always, we wish to dedicate our Tower to our own . . . Dr. DENNIS.

General Staff

Lena Clare Shackelford.....Editor

Grace Lane — Ruby Lee Livings

Vida Lenoy Reeves

Sophomore Staff

Nell Glenn Moorer.....Editor

Marjorie Browne — Ida Kathryn Coker

The Tower

Alabama College

Montevallo, Ala.

Class of '36 Issue

LIBRARY
ALABAMA COLLEGE

A BOY OF SEVEN

By Anna Paul King

It was hard on a boy to be seven—old enough to forget how to cry and have the greatest desire to do so. Mother and "Mat," his nurse, just wouldn't understand. Of course Mat would come nearer to realizing how he felt than Mother. Mother was so busy these days; she just didn't seem to find time to talk to her "little man" anymore. She was an executive now—whatever that meant. Anyway it meant going through very many glass doors and by desks with funny buttons on them. Just the other day he had gone to Mother's office and Mr. Bill Butler had been there. The little boy had been surprised to find him there, for Mother had told him she didn't receive social visitors at the office. Mr. Bill Butler was a nice man, though, and had given the little boy a tinker set for his birthday. He had wanted to give the little boy a bicycle, but Mother had vetoed the idea (Mat told him that much); he didn't know what veto was—but just the same, he didn't get the bicycle. The little boy sighed; oh, well, what good did all this do? He had thought it through many times, and it had not removed that lump in his throat that was so uncomfortable this morning and made him wish to cry.

He turned from the window he was facing and walked out of the room up the hall to his Mother's room. Mother would

most likely be asleep and if she were, he must not disturb her —no matter how much he wanted to. He opened the door. As he tipped in softly Mother sat up in bed and smiled at him. She was very pretty, he thought, even if Miss Mary (a friend of Daddy) did say it was artificial. He had planned to ask Mother what artificial meant, and had forgotten. He would ask her this very morning. Just then the 'phone rang. He heard her say, "Oh, how are you, Bill?" He supposed it was Mr. Butler. Mr. Butler wasn't as jolly as Daddy. Mother had always had him to dinner one night a week before Daddy left, because he was a friend of Daddy's—and since then he had kept on coming —only now he took Mother out to dinner. Mother was saying: "But I don't feel like going tonight. You don't mind if I break the date, do you?" Evidently he did, for Mother finally had to say she would see him for a little while that morning. It seemed he had something important to tell her. The little boy wished Mother would stop talking to Mr. Butler and talk to him. At last she placed the 'phone on the hook.

She called him to her. "Come over here, darling." She always said that. "How are you this morning?" He felt very well, thank you, and how did she feel? A boy had to be polite, even if there were nearly a million questions he wanted to ask.

"What are you and Margot doing today? It's Saturday, you know."

Yes, he knew it was Saturday, and he also knew he had hoped Mother would stay home today as she used to before Daddy went on that ocean voyage.

"I don't know, Mother," he replied, looking hopefully at her for some agreeable suggestion.

"You see, I wanted,—" he began.

Mat shouldn't have come in then, just when he had planned to ask Mother if she would stay at home today. Mat handed Mother the mail. Mother seemed puzzled as she looked at the writing on one of the envelopes. She slit it open and read it, and then stared at something on the wall. He turned to see what attracted her—but all he saw was the same wall paper he had seen before. Something fell from Mother's hand. It was the card she had been reading. As he stepped over and picked it up, his eyes fell on the first two words: "In remem-

brance." He handed it back to Mother. Why—there were tears in Mother's eyes. Well, he'd just cry, too. He'd been wanting to all morning.

"Just one year ago today, Margot," Mother was saying. "I wish to be alone."

Mat picked up the little boy as if he were three years old and carried him out. He squirmed down outside the door and went into the library. Mother never did like for him to go in there, but she had sent him out of her room, so he'd go in anyway.

There was Daddy's picture at the other end of the long room. He wished Daddy would hurry up and come home. He had been gone a long time. It seemed like a year or more. There was a queerly colored newspaper on the massive table. It looked faintly yellow. Well, he'd just read the funny paper. As he picked up the sheet he saw a great many pictures of people across the bottom of the page. Well—he'd just see what they were there for, and then read the "funnies." **Feared Lost at Sea** was the caption over the pictures. There were two or three ladies' pictures in the group. One of the men looked very much like Daddy. Turning the pages to find the comics, he noticed the date of the paper. Why how stupid of the newspaper men! They had dated the paper a whole year wrong. This was 1934 and it was dated 1933. He guessed the editor would be plenty mad when he saw that mistake. He turned through the paper and could not find the comics. The comic section must be in another room. He walked out of the library with a queer feeling of being all alone. Mat must have gone on an errand to the office for Mother.

All of a sudden, the door-bell buzzed commandingly. He listened to see if old Mary, the cook, was going. He hoped she would not, for then he would be permitted to go. He started hesitantly at first and then ran hurriedly forward. He pulled the heavy door open, and felt himself lifted in the air. As he came down, he clutched at the shoulder of the person who had picked him up. He caught on enough to steady himself to see who it was—why—why—it was Daddy! Was he glad to see him? Oh, very glad! Mother had not told him Daddy was coming home today. Did he have a nice voyage? Daddy

looked perplexed and said he'd had a fine voyage. He wanted to see Mother. Where was she? In her room, the little boy told him, but perhaps he'd better not go in now, for Mother had gotten a letter, started crying, and sent him out of the room but a few minutes ago. Daddy seemed rather insistent to see Mother and picked the little boy up and went up the steps. What was the matter with everyone this morning? They all picked him up, and he really wished they wouldn't. Daddy opened the door and let the little boy down. Mother saw him as he came towards her and looked so funny—as though she had seen a ghost. Then she gave a squeal like a pig and jumped into Daddy's arms. She said his name over, and over and asked him if it were really he. The little boy thought this rather silly, since Mother could see that it was. Mother was crying and laughing at the same time, and then asked Daddy to sit real close to her so she'd know he was there, and she wasn't seeing things, and to tell her all about it. Daddy started talking in a kind of choked voice, but Mother interrupted him at almost every word. The little boy heard part of Daddy's conversation about being on an island for nearly a year when everyone believed they had gone down with the boat. One day after a storm a ship off its course came a little closer than usual to the island. They signaled the ship and were rescued. He had not wired Mother because he wished to surprise her. It would be in the noon edition of the paper and he'd had a hard time persuading the captain to retain the news until the ship docked. Mother had her arms around Daddy and was crying again. Daddy wanted to know if Mother had seen "good old Bill" lately. Mother said yes, that she saw him frequently, and that he had been awfully nice to her during the year. Daddy wanted to see Bill and surprise him, too. The little boy guessed he'd be surprised, all right. Mother was crying again. Why did ladies cry so much? It made him want to cry—in fact—he couldn't help it; he was crying. Daddy got up and came over to him. He took out an awful big handkerchief and dried the tears and gave the little boy a dollar.

"Get Margot and buy something good to eat," he said. The little boy looked doubtfully at Mother. She was smiling and nodding her head. He ran over and kissed her and then Daddy,

and went out of the room. Down the steps he went, out onto the porch to await the return of Mat. Just then Mr. Bill Butler drove up, got out of his car, and came bounding up the steps.

"Hello there, young man. Congratulate me! I'm going to be married to one of the prettiest girls in the country—Miss Mary Scott—friend of your Daddy's. Do you know her?"

Yes, the little boy knew her. She was the one who said Mother was artificial. At once he remembered Daddy, and asked Mr. Butler if he knew who was here. Before Mr. Butler could answer, he shouted, "Daddy!" Mr. Butler looked queer and then flung the door open and rushed into the house.

The little boy did not follow him in because he saw the paper boy coming; probably he had forgotten to leave the other part of the paper. He took it from him and sat down to read it. Well—that was funny! This paper was dated 1934—and there was that man who looked like Daddy coming down the gang plank of a ship, and over it read **Nation Rejoices When Lost Are Rescued.** He turned to the comics and started reading. Anyway, that lump in his throat was gone—and he wished Mat would hurry up and come back.

LIBRARY
ALABAMA COLLEGE

NOEL

The sound of children's voices
Is wafted across the frozen snow.
Up, and ever heavenward the carols rise,
Breathing the breath of joy
And peace to men.

—Ida Kathryn Coker.

EVENING

Ruddy glows fading, a saffron west,
Purpling shadows, all deepened, rest.
Darkness comes down with its ebon might;
Day will submit to the reign of night.

—Alice Roberts.

COLLEGE NIGHT

It begins quietly at first like the distant rumble of thunder, Gold. Purple. Leaders. Questions. Mystery. They hum through the air in a continuous undertone—now soft, now loud. The sound comes nearer, pierced sometimes by hearty "yeahs," but an undertone still.

"I'm a Purple!" "I'm a Gold." "I just can't wait." These grow more insistent. It is no longer an undertone, but an ever-growing murmur, yet ever mysterious. There is the bustle of practising and rehearsing and sewing and fitting. There is a continual hurrying here and there—mysteriously, joyfully.

It comes nearer and nearer until in a rush it is here—Visitors, last-minute cautions and waiting, waiting, waiting. Then music, songs, cheers, colorful pageantry, all in one glorious burst of beauty and sound—OUR COLLEGE NIGHT!

—Marjorie Browne.

Content was in her eyes as she gazed through the window into the gathering dusk. She moved and struck her wedding-ring against the window. She dropped her eyes to it, and raised them suddenly to look at an old Venetian vase on a dark table, at a little ivory cross lying near by. She gazed out the window—toward Italy. There was restlessness in her eyes.

—Ruth Aylene Maddox.

There is no time;
The world has stopped.
I am a chrysalis
Waiting for him.

—Ruth Aylene Maddox.

SUSPENSE

Like a black cloud hanging heavy,
shadowing the whole earth—so suspense overshadows us with uncertainty.

—Nell Glenn Moorer.

THERE'S A REASON

By Harriette Stripling

It is truly remarkable how easy it is to justify doing what we want to. "I believe I'll go to the show," we say. "It's part of your education to go once in a while, and I can study better after a little rest. I think I deserve a vacation after that test this morning; and besides, I studied nearly two hours this afternoon." In other words you want to go to the show, so you are going. The girl on a diet reaches for the forbidden food, comforting herself with "Just one time can't hurt me, and I didn't have any breakfast this morning." The sinking sensation after an exam may be removed by remembering that it wasn't a fair test at all, and the period was entirely too short to allow any time to think.

Thus we go on. If we reason long enough, not only can we ease our conscience about most of our sins; but we shall probably find something that transforms them into actual deeds of virtue.

An amount of money unexpectedly saved will buy an amazing number of things we had felt we couldn't afford. For example, you buy a book for two dollars, and then learn that you must exchange it for a cheaper one. You now have a dollar more than you expected to have. It is like a gift, or like finding buried treasure, and with it you shall buy something your heart desired but which your tyranical mind denied you as a thing not absolutely necessary.

Perhaps you sally forth and select the most frivolous doodad for the whatnot; or it may be a leather notebook. You might even break down and take the roommate to a show. More than likely, though, it will be spent on yourself; and it is a certain fact that it will not go into a savings bank.

Whatever it is, as soon as the novelty has worn off, you say "I really needed that, anyway. I believe I'll take that dollar I saved and get some hose." And before you know it that dollar has bought a pennant, some stationery, a novelty lamp for the dresser, a birthday present; and your pocket book has mysteriously become empty.

The best and briefest way to still secret qualms or even to dry streaming tears of remorse is quite simple. It is also a useful test to show whether your rationalizing is really practical. Merely ask yourself this question, "Who'll know the difference ten years from now?" And if you decide that you won't, you might as well go ahead and follow your desires.

And this might not have been such a bad essay if I did not have a test looming before me, and if I were not so sleepy, and if there had been anything worth saying on this subject—whatever it is—to begin with.

"O SWEET CONTENT!"

We're such funny things—we human beings. We spend hours of concentrated thought and labor on a piece of work with one thing in mind—to finish it. We live in anxious anticipation in its completion and are absorbed in thoughts of the satisfaction that the finished product will bring, all the while dreaming of the time when we may quit working, have nothing to do but just relax and take things leisurely. Then, at last, the work is finished. What a relief! There is a soaring of spirits and a sense of pride. We handle our work with the tenderest care; we show it to friends and revel in their words of praise. Then, when we are comfortably situated, resting and wondering how we shall spend our leisure, we like to ponder fondly on our recent accomplishment; and invariably there creeps in a thought of the fun we had doing it. As time goes on interest in the finished work wanes—even dulls, and we dwell more on the pleasure of the actual working. Our leisure, once so longed for, becomes monotonous, and we look about for something to occupy idle hands and to interest an idle mind. We miss a sort of joy or thrill afforded by the strain of work; feel a craving to be creating something worth while. We actually begin to look forward to beginning anew what we once thought that to be through with would be divine.

—Nell Glenn Moorer.

THE NIGHTMARE BEFORE CHRISTMAS

By Vida Lenoy Reeves

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through Main dorm
The halls were as quiet as earth after storm.
The students were nestled all snug in their beds,
And millions of bobby-pins plastered their heads.
My roommate and I, under blankets nine deep,
Had just settled our brains for some long-needed sleep,
When out toward the Libe there arose such a clatter
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter.

Quick as an antelope jumping a log,
Stepping like Sophomores learning to clog,
I ran to the window that framed the cold air
And threw aside hose that were coat-hangered there.
The moon shining down with the brilliance of snow
Gave the lustre of day to the new road below.
When what should my wondering sound-catchers hear
But a musical voice ringing piercingly clear.
More rapid than eagles the syllables came;
A whistle, a shout, and a check-up by name.

"Now Dasher, now Dancer! now Prancer and Vixen!
On Comet! On Cupid! On Dunder and Blixen!
To the top of the antlers, the prongs short and tall—
Now splash away, splash away, splash away all!"
The vaseline spread on my eyelashes froze;
A thrill richocheted from my head to my toes.
For there in the moonlight, as clear as the day,
Was anchored a two-hundred deerpower sleigh;
While under the glistening mist of the Tower
Old Santa was giving his reindeer a shower!

The water swept down with a spluttering sound.
In a shadowy torrent it fell to the ground.
(For the reindeer were smoked from the head to the foot,
And their antlers were tarnished with ashes and soot.)
With a sponge—'twas a sprig from an evergreen shrub—

THE TOWER

Old Santa was helping the creatures to scrub.
His eyes how they twinkled! his dimples, how merry!
His ears were like roses, his nose like a cherry.
His droll little mouth was like that of a beau
Too near schoolgirl complexion as white as the snow.

The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath;
He had a broad face, and a little bay window
That shook when he laughed like a bowl full of jello,
He was chubby and plump—a right jolly old elf—
And was splattering water all over himself.
A wink of his eye, and a twist of his chin—
And I saw that the washing was being brought in.

He spoke not a word, but the team went to work
At drying themselves with a quivering jerk.
Then laying his thumb on the side of his nose,
He twisted his hand. Into place the team rose.
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And off they flew fast as a foot from a thistle.
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
"Happy Christmas to all and—nightwatchman, goodnight!"

And then I awoke in a big double bed.
With my elbow on top of my kid sister's head.

THE BURNING OF A MATCH

How it flares when first struck.
How the flame sputters—
First red and then yellow.
How it licks greedily over the white wood,
Leaving in its path
Charred, black ruin.

—Ida Kathryn Coker.

THROUGH THE AGE

By Evelyn Neal

"I wouldn't take anything for having seen this old world take on a new life. It's a great age."

How often I've heard Dad make these same remarks: each time I was more able to understand. Even in my short life I have seen the home town change considerably. My mind goes back to the times I went to town with Mother, holding to her forefinger.

Across the street from the court square was a hitching yard. Pine trees shaded the tired horses that were tied to the wagons. A dilapidated wooden school house, now used for a city barn, and infested with squawking pigeons, stood on one corner of that block. The Mayor, the Probate Judge, and other leading citizens obtained their education there. An old stone calaboose was near by; and that is where I subconsciously lay the setting for the prisons of John Bunyan, St. Valentine, and "The Prisoner's Song." Among the horses was a small lunch stand, on wheels to escape paying tax. It sold war time chewing gum that crumbled into atoms and was completely uncontrolable when one began to chew it. One time I found a piece of glass in a chocolate drop I had bought there, an evil act of Kaiser Bill's, perhaps. I was sometimes allowed "Checker" popcorn, "a prize in every box," usually a whistle that wouldn't whistle, or a picture of Buffalo Bill.

I always wanted to ride in the Alabama Hotel Bus, a big black coach full of seats and windows. It was drawn by two black horses with ornamented harnesses and red tassels on their bridles. My desires were never fulfilled, and I had only the privilege of holding my breath as the coach dashed by to the depot.

The village afforded two hearses, black and white. They were tall and stately. The windows were decorated with Byzantine designs and draped with heavy curtains that swayed with the jostle.

Daddy had the first closed car in town—a Jeffery. The closed top was bought later and was changed for an open one with the season. The winter top was put on in early October

and changed again the last of April. The windows were two-piece, separated horizontally through the middle and opened, after much pushing and pulling, like ordinary windows. Green velvet curtains with tie-backs adorned them. The front seat was divided, accommodating only two persons, and was approached from the back doors.

The Santa Claus Store was the town's "Old Curiosity Shop." It had everything from relics of the War Between the States to the last word in soaps, including false hair, Hoyt's perfume, costumes for rent, toys, and novelties. Every Christmas the big motionless Santa Claus stationed himself (with the help of Mrs. Dinkleburg) just outside the door. Many are the illegible letters I've dropped in his box, asking for a doll, a tricycle, or a rocking-horse. The tinkle of the little bell on the door lent its charm to the atmosphere.

Then there was the time Beaver hats were all the rage. How very much I wanted one; but Mother insisted, "The little blue poke looks darling on you and these little blue plumes are the sweetest things. Besides, this cost just two dollars and forty-nine cents, and those beavers are five dollars. I wore the blue poke and tried on my little friends' beavers at every possible angle.

Now beaver hats are worn only in Russia, the old Santa Claus Store is torn away. All cars are closed and Jefferies are obsolete, hearses are funeral coaches, taxis are everywhere and the old hitching yard is covered with garages, department store and offices. The stone from the calaboose was used in the new school building—and chewing gum is chewable.

TO A RABBIT

I see you hiding there
Brown among the brown grasses
Only your eyes
Shining bright in the shadow
Peep out at me.
—Marjorie Browne.

CINQUAIN

I heard
A dream tap
On my window pane,
But when I rose
It flew.
—Peggy Merrell.

THAT TANTALIZING TUNE

By Harriette Stripling

Saint Vitus dance must be terrible; so is the habit of drumming on the bridge table. And then there are the pencil chewers, the finger nail biters, and the hair pullers. But Saint Vitus Dance can be cured, and if one has enough will power, so can these other habits. One can at least have his hands tied or keep them in his pockets.

There is a greater sufferer than all these—one who is to be pitied far more. His malady is practically incurable; it must simply take its natural course, because it is mental rather than physical. These unfortunate ones are the song victims.

Everyone is afflicted at times. We get a certain song—or a part of a song—on our mind and there it remains, do what we will. Every minute it rings through our brain, driving us to sing, whistle, or hum it, or to tap our the rythm over and over until suddenly we scream and tear our hair.

A new song, only half-learned, is especially tenacious; therefore College Night is a very dangerous time. Just as you think you are getting rid of a refrain that has haunted you for days before it results in complete insanity,—although you realize you'll never be the same,—the girl next to you at the table dreamily taps one spoon against another in a well-known rhythm and you are off again.

It is not always a song; It may be a line of musical verse. Often it is something we don't even **want** to remember. There are two lines—I have never heard of any more foolish—which my sister inflicted on me when I was six or seven. I well remember the fatal morning when she suddenly said, "I can't get this silly thing off my mind until I say it:

'Speak to me love, oh speaky, spikey, spokey;
Why are those tears on thy cheeky, chikey, chokey?' "

I hope that transferring the burden relieved her mind, because to this day I am doomed to be periodically tormented by those meaningless words. They have fitted themselves to a sort of tune; and because it ends with a question, it begins all over again each time.

THE TOWER

All day long the song or verse is with us. We sing ourselves to sleep at night hoping that in the morning we will be free, master of our thoughts—but alas! A minute or two after we awake, they spring back into place and begin their hammering anew. Perhaps it is only minds naturally rather vacant which are afflicted thus, but—Let's see, now. Just how does that go? Ta, tee, ta, dee, dum—Oh, can death alone save me?

PARODY OF "SEA FEVER"

I must go down to the pool again, to the lively pool, and the fun
To come when I have had my shower and the splashing's just begun!
And the diving board and the freezing wind, and the cold limbs shaking,
And a swan dive and a flutter kick, and the happy noise I'm making!

I must go down to the pool again, for the call of the icy tide
Is a loud call and a clear call which may not be denied.
And all I ask is a sunny day with the white clouds flying,
And the back dive, and the wet hair, and the cold girls crying!

—Hilda Golson.

THE STORM

Sultry leaden clouds hung low over the earth—grey clouds touched by sickly yellow where the sun was trying to force its way through. Not a bird rustled. Not a leaf stirred. Wilted ladies and steaming gentlemen passed at rare intervals on the burning sidewalk. A gaunt panting hound sought relief by burying his nose in the sand of the road. Great shimmering waves of heat rose from the earth and held the world in its terrible clinging grasp.

Suddenly from the silence of this great heat came a crash and a roar. Great flashes of fire rent the threatening sky, and in one glorious burst of life, the beating rain flooded the earth.

—Marjorie Browne.

TRIFLES

Easter is
a bunch of white
satiny lilies
nestled in
billows of green,
to be cherished
and perhaps
pressed,
accompanied
by a note of love.

Easter is
a box
of chocolates
to be ah'ed over
and munched,
the ribbons
tied in
a memory book.
. . . Easter for
the college girl.

Evelyn Neal.

A MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM

"Now, listen here," said Daddy very sternly, "I'm getting tired of that yap hanging around here all the time. Why, there's no privacy in this house any more. Every place I turn there's Bill's picture, Bill's hat, or Bill, himself. What do you think we're running, a free boarding house or a night club? What time did he get out of here last night, anyway? Why, I dropped my shoe three times, and I heard no move for him to go. What time was it, I ask you?"

"Why, he left at a quarter of eight."

"Quarter of eight?"

"Yes, that was the time," she said. (No need to tell him that a quarter of eight is two.)

—Betty Bishop.

The moon hangs low,
Translucent gold,
Black-laced
With arms of giant trees
Thrown bare
Against a deep blue sky.

—Sally Mahan.

PROCRASTINATION

Procrastination, gentle sprite,
Through languid day and drowsy night,
Through all the easy-going hours,
I'm enamoured of thy powers.

Thy touch dispels the ache and pain
That racks a conscientious brain.
Thy balm, inertia, smooths the brow
Of furrows left by labor's plow.
I love thy presence. (But I pay
Your lodging when you go away!)

—Vida Lenoy Reeves.

A JOY

My heart filled with a joy that sings,
That leaps like a sparkling fountain;
And upward the path of exalted things,
It gains the height of a mountain;
And pauses there with exultant cry
Before it reaches for the sky.

—Sally Mahan.

UNKNOWN SADNESS

Today I had a feeling
  I was helpless to explain:
A sense of disappointment
  And of heavy grief and pain
That rose from ancient suffering,
  From sorrow long forgot;
And I was filled with sadness
  For I don't remember what.

—Vida Lenoy Reeves.

Table of Contents

		Page
A Boy of Seven	Anna Paul King	1
Noel	Ida Kathrine Coker	5
Evening	Alice Roberts	5
College Night	Marjorie Browne	6
Content Was In Her Eyes	Ruth Aylene Maddox	6
There Is No Time	Ruth Aylene Maddox	6
Suspense	Nell Glenn Moorer	6
There's a Reason	Harriette Stripling	7
"O Sweet Content"	Nell Glenn Moorer	8
The Nightmare Before Christmas	Vida Lenoy Reeves	9
The Burning of a Match	Ida Kathryn Coker	10
Through the Age	Evelyn Neal	11
To A Rabbit	Marjorie Browne	12
Cinquain	Peggy Merrell	12
That Tantalizing Tune	Harriette Stripling	13
Parody of "Sea Fever"	Hilda Golson	14
The Storm	Marjorie Browne	14
Trifles	Evelyn Neal	15
A Mathematical Problem	Betty Bishop	15
The Moon Hangs Low	Sally Mahan	15
Procrastination	Vida Lenoy Reeves	16
A Joy	Sally Mahan	16
Unknown Sadness	Vida Lenoy Reeves	16

T.1-1